

CDC
SIX-GUN HEROES

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

#24

10¢

Six-Gun Heroes



FIVE

WESTERN THRILLERS
STARRING YOUR
FAVORITE
COWBOYS!



HOPALONG CASSIDY



TEX RITTER



ROCKY LANE



LASH LARUE

Check the Kind of Body YOU Want! RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!

Charles Atlas

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."



SILVER CUP GIVEN AWAY

1st High Class to mail making greatest improvement in the next 3 months.

Here's The Kind of Results I Get:

- "I gained 11 lbs. and 4 1/2 inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I am never constipated."
—Harry Weiss, Canada
- "I gained 34 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"
—Jimmy Lynn, Calif.
- "What a difference! Have put 3 1/2 inches on my chest (normal) and 2 1/2 inches expended."
—F. S., New York
- "Gained 29 lbs. When I started your course I weighed only 141. Now I weigh 170."
—T. S., New York
- "The benefits are wonderful. The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches."
—E. M., Conn.
- "You changed me from a weakling to a real man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle."
—J. W., Montreal

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add **SOLID INCHES** of powerful new muscle **SO FAST** your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vice-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise these inner organs—help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered dynamo! You'll feel and look different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

WHAT'S MY SECRET?
"DYNAMIC TENSION!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny skiny chested weakling I was at 15

to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamisic Tension" you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DOMINANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

ARE YOU

- Slender, Weak and Run Down?
- Always Tired?
- Worried?
- Lacking in confidence?
- Overweight?
- Stuttering, Stomach Bad, Nervous?
- Fat and Labby?
- Do you want to lose weight and get fit?
- WANT TO GO ABOUT IT IN THE EASY WAY?

My method—"Dynamisic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—no sweat! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamisic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, breathing over, etc.—to BUILD THE MUSCLE and VITALITY you want. And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

FREE

Illustrated 32-Page Book. Just Mail the Coupon.

SEND NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." (Over 3 1/2 MILLION fellows have sent for it already.) It contains 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamisic Tension" has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glance through it and you may mean the turning point in your whole life! Check the information you want (in the coupon below) and rush it to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 32313, 1115 East 32nd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.**



CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. 32313
1115 East 32nd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid—in The Right Place
- ☐ Greater Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slender Waist and Hips
- ☐ Better Posture, Dignity, Character
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crisscrossed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is sure to save and reward me for it does not oblige me in any way.

Name _____ Age _____
(Please print or write clearly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If under 14 years of age check box for Mother A.)

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SIX-GUN HEROES

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

ATOMIC MOUSE • COWBOY WESTERN HEROES • CRIME AND JUSTICE • FUNNY ANIMALS
KID die this crazy comic • MAINTAINED • HOT RODS AND RACING CARS • POT O' GOLD
LASH LARUE WESTERN • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • HACKET SQUAD • SIX-GUN HEROES
ROMANTIC STORY • SCIENCE-FICTION SPACE ADVENTURES • STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES
SWEETHEARTS • TEX BITTEE WESTERN • TRUE LIFE SECRETS • TV TALKS
ZOO FUNNIES • THE THING

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

HOPALONG CASSIDY

meets **BULLETHEAD** The **3D KILLER**

Starring
**WILLIAM
BOYD**

SEE FOR YOURSELF, SHERIFF! THREE OF MY PRIZE BULLS WERE KILLED DURING THE NIGHT! FROM THE LOOKS OF THEIR HEADS, THE KILLER MUST HAVE BASHED THEIR SKULLS IN WITH A SLEDGE HAMMER! BUT WHY? IF HE STOLE THEM, THAT'S ONE THING! BUT JUST TO KILL THEM AND LEAVE THEM HYAR DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

IT SURE DOESN'T, MALONE! AND YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE THIS HAS BEEN HAPPENING TO! YOU'RE THE FOURTH RANCHER TO REPORT A SIMILAR COMPLAINT THIS WEEK!

HOPALONG CASSIDY is based on the character originated by **CLARENCE E. MULFORD**

WELL, WHAT ARE YUH GOING TO DO ABOUT IT, HOPALONG? THESE BULLS ARE WORTH A FORTUNE! I CAN'T AFFORD TO GO ON LOSING THEM!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO AND THAT'S FIND SOME CLUE TO WORK ON! BUT UNTIL THEN, YOU RANCHERS WILL HAVE TO KEEP CONTINUAL GUARD ON YOUR CATTLE—DAY AND NIGHT! I'LL WARN ALL THE OTHER RANCHERS IN TWIN RIVER IMMEDIATELY!

I RECOGNIZE HIM FROM THE DESCRIPTION I SAW ON THE WANTED POSTER IN THE POST OFFICE! IT'S **BULLETHEAD!**

THAT NIGHT, AT THE BAR Z RANCH...

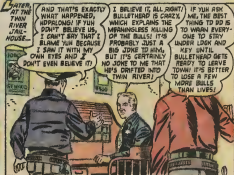
HET, TOM! DO YUH HEAR SOMETHING?

NOTHING! IT'S JUST YORE NERVES!

NERVES, NOTHING! ('GULP!') IT'S A HUMAN MONSTER!

BULLETHEAD THE THREE D KILLER, DANGEROUS, DEMONIC, DEMENTED! NOT ONLY IS HIS HEAD SHAPED LIKE A BULL'S BUT IT HAS ALL THE DEADLY FORCE OF ONE, TOO! MANY A POOR NOMBRE HAS BEEN KILLED IN A BAKIN' FROM JUST ONE BLOW OF BULLETHEAD'S SKULL!

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HE CAN'T DO ANY CHARGING IF HE CAN'T MOVE HIS FEET! IT'S ONLY HIS HEAD I'VE GOT TO WATCH OUT FOR!

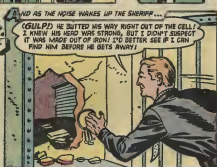
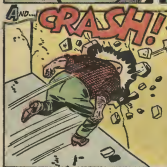


OKAY, THE REST OF YOU! YOU CAN COME OUT AND TIE HIM UP WHILE I KEEP HIM COVERED!

WITH YOU ON THE LOOSE I DIDN'T DARE GO TO SLEEP! BUT NOW THAT YOU'RE SAFELY LOCKED UP, I CAN AFFORD TO TAKE TWENTY WINKS!



BUT AS HOPALONG DOZES OFF...



AND AS THE NOISE WAKES UP THE SHERIFF... (GULP!) HE BUTTED HIS WAY RIGHT OUT OF THE CELL! I KNEW HIS HEAD WAS STRONG, BUT I DIDN'T SUSPECT IT WAS MADE OUT OF IRON! I'D BETTER SEE IF I CAN FIND HIM BEFORE HE GETS AWAY!



I CAN'T SEE HIM! BUT HE COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN TOO FAR AWAY IN SO SHORT A TIME!



I'D BETTER GET TOPPER AND GO AFTER HIM---(GULP!)



WAAH!

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I'D BETTER GO RIGHT AFTER HIM!
THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT HE'LL
DO NEXT---TRY TO RUN AWAY
OR RETURN!



BUT THE DEMENTED BULLETHEAD
CHOOSES THE LATTER!

HE'S COMING BACK AGAIN! PLAYING LEAP
FROG WITH HIM WILL NEVER SETTLE ANYTHING!
HE'S STRONG ENOUGH TO KEEP CHARGING AT ME
UNTIL HE GETS ME! MAYBE THIS PIECE OF WALL
WILL HELP EQUALIZE
MATTERS!



CRASH!



HE SMASHED THE
WALL TO PEIRRES,
BUT HE SEEMS TO
BE SLIGHTLY
DIZZY! IT'S NOW
OR NEVER!



AND NOW BEFORE HE COMES TO, I'M GOING TO
DIS OUT THAT STRAP-JACKET I KEEP FOR JUST
SUCH EMERGENCIES! THERE'S NO SENSE TAKING
ANY CHANCES WITH A MADMAN LIKE THIS!



BULLETHEAD WILL NEVER ESCAPE FROM MYRA, SHERIFF!
I CAN'T GET OVER YORE DOING THE IMPOSSIBLE --
CAPTURING HIM! NO WONDER THEY CALL YUH
THE GREATEST COWBOY OF THEM ALL!

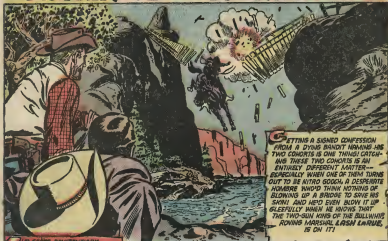


WARD
9

Lash LARUE

in

The DANGEROUS CONFESSION



GETTING A SIGNED CONFESSION FROM A DYING BANDIT MAKING HIS TWO COHORTS IS ONE THING! CATCHING THESE TWO COHORTS IS AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT MATTER—ESPECIALLY WHEN ONE OF THEM TURNS OUT TO BE NITRO GOOCH, A DESPERATE HOMBRE WHO'D THINK NOTHING OF BLOWING UP A BRIDGE TO SAVE HIS SKIN! AND HE'D EVEN BLOW IT UP GLEEFULLY WHEN HE KNOWS THAT THE TWO-GUN KING OF THE BULLWHIP, ROYAL MARSHAL LASH LARUE, IS ON IT!

THE STATE PENITENTIARY...

YOU SENT FOR ME, WARDEN?

YES, LASH! KILLER DUGANS DYING AND WANTS TO MAKE A COMPLETE CONFESSION ABOUT THE OTHERS WHO WERE IN ON THAT RAILROAD WRECKING JOB WITH HIM—BUT HE SAYS HE'LL CONFESS ONLY TO YOU!



KILLER DUGAN'S CELL...

— AND I DON'T WANT TO DIE WITH IT ON MY CONSCIENCE! MY TWO PARTNERS WERE NITRO GOOCH AND BOB ROBBINS!

IF YOU'LL JUST SIGN THIS CONFESSION, I'LL HAVE ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO SEND THE TWO OF THEM TO JAIL FOR LIFE!



YUH JUST GOT HIS SIGNATURE IN TIME, LASH! HE'S DEAD!

I'LL HEAD RIGHT BACK TO THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S OFFICE WITH THIS CONFESSION! THEN HE CAN SEND OUT AN ALARM TO PICK UP NITRO GOOCH AND BOB ROBBINS WHEREVER THEY'RE SPOTTED!



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BUT THE PRISON UNDERGROUND HASTES NO TIME IN GETTING OUT WORD OF THE LATE KILLER DUGAN'S CONFESSION, AND



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BUT NEITHER LASH NOR HIS FAITHFUL HORSE, RUSH, LOST THEIR HEADS IN THE DIRE PREDICAMENT, AND...



IT'S UNBELIEVABLE, RUSH, BUT WE'RE STILL IN ONE PIECE!



IT SURE LOOKS AS IF NITRO GOT WORD OF THE CONFESSION! ONE SURE THING, HE COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN ACROSS THAT BRIDGE AFTER HE BLEW IT UP EITHER, SO HE MUST HAVE GONE BACK TO THE TOWN. WE JUST PASSED THROUGH!



WELL, WE'RE GOING BACK THERE, TOO, AND LET OURSELVES BE SEEN! I'M POSITIVE ONCE THEY DISCOVER I'M ALIVE, THEY'LL COME AFTER ME AGAIN! AND IT'LL BE MUCH EASIER THAN MY HAVING TO SEARCH FOR THEM! WE'LL CHECK IN AT THE ONLY HOTEL AND THEY CAN'T MISS SPOTTING US!



CAN'T MISS IS RIGHT!

LOOK, NITRO! LARUE'S STILL ALIVE! WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?

I DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW, BUT ONE THING'S FER SURE! WE CAN'T LET HIM OUT OF OUR SIGHT---AND WE CAN'T LET HIM SPOT US, EITHER!



SHORTLY AFTER, IN LASH'S HOTEL ROOM...

OH, EXCUSE ME! I THOUGHT I COULD FIX UP YOUR ROOM NOW!

YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL MY CLOTHES DRY! I'D SAY YOU CAN COME BACK IN ABOUT AN HOUR!



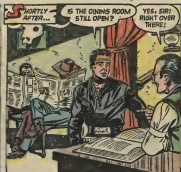
AS SOON AS MY CLOTHES DO DRY, I THINK I'LL GO DOWN TO THE DINING ROOM AND HAVE A BITE TO EAT!



SHORTLY AFTER...

I HOPE I CAN GET A SEAT NEAR THE WINDOW! THAT'LL GIVE THOSE TWO HOMBRES A BETTER CHANCE TO SEE ME!

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NOW WE'D
BETTER
BEAT IT!



(GULP!) I'D BETTER GO
FIND THAT MAN WHO'S
GOT THIS ROOM AND
TELL HIM WHAT I
HEARD!



AREN'T YOU THE FAMOUS
ROVING MARSHAL,
LASH LARUE?

THAT'S
RIGHT,
SONNY!



BUT WHERE'S
YOUR
BULLWHIP?

I LEFT IT IN MY ROOM!
I DIDN'T RECKON I'D
NEED IT WHILE I
WAS EATING!



WHEN YOU
GET THROUGH,
WOULD YOU
SHOW ME
SOME
TRICKS?

OF COURSE! I TELL
YOU WHAT, SONNY!
WHY DON'T YOU GO
UP TO MY ROOM
AND FETCH IT WHILE
I FINISH MY
CHOW?

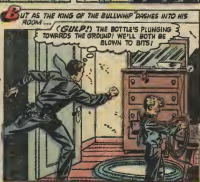


G-G-GAN I T-T-TALK
TO Y-Y-YOU, S-SIR!

OF COURSE!
WHAT'S THE
MATTER?



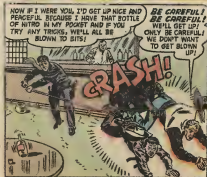
(GULP!) THAT KID'LL
BLOW HIMSELF UP!
I'VE GOT TO GET
UPSTAIRS BEFORE
HE FINDS THE
WHIP!



BUT AS THE KING OF THE BULLWHIP DASHES INTO HIS
ROOM...

(GULP!) THE BOTTLE'S PLUNGING
TOWARDS THE GROUND! WE'LL BOTH BE
BLOWN TO BITS!

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POWERLESS

SHOTS

A hot-tempered cowboy once remarked that Wells City was a place of marked cards, loaded dice, false weights, and bullets in the back. It had its own boot hill cemetery where those who had quickly departed from this world were given a free burial — and one man ran the town.

Charlie Russell was worried, and he was no expert at concealing his feelings. He wrinkled his high narrow forehead and then ran his left hand through his thinning black hair. His right hand was near his holster, as though he expected trouble.

"Bass," he said, "the man from Washington and that fellow with the long beard arrived on the stage. Both are staying at the hotel. Frank and Mae have been following them. The man from Washington got a shave at Mack's and then went back to the hotel. The boys have seen the editor of the paper, the Widow Cooper, and Doc Perkins. Now what do we do?"

The man who was being addressed was in his early fifties. His round, chubby face, bald head, and friendly pale blue eyes were deceiving. Joe Farber would smile at you one minute, and then have one of his boys shoot you the next. His desire was to run everything in Wells City and then get control of the territory. Seated behind his desk in the private office of the United Mining Company he looked like a kind executive. But the editor of the town paper, in a serious mood, had once re-

marked, "Only a witch would marry a killer like Joe."

He thumped his fingers on the desk before answering. "They can do all the questioning they want. What can they find? Nothing at all! We got a dozen witnesses to prove that Frenchy was drunk the night you killed him in self defense. You were acquitted by the coroner's jury. And he had a thousand dollars in his pocket which I paid him for his claim on White Cloud Hill. We got nothing to worry about."

Charlie Russell wasn't in the mood to argue with his boss. But there was one thing he wanted to know. "Just suppose they come here?" he asked. And as though in reply to his question there was a knock on the door. "Come in," shouted Joe Farber, "the door's open."

Two men entered the private office. The first wore a long black coat and a black beard. His face was thin, as though he was a man used to deep meditation on the problems of the world. Yet there was a kind smile playing around his thin lips. The other man was the smaller of the two and wore sideburns. He spoke.

"I am Edward J. Peterson, of the United States Secret Service. My companion, at whom you are both staring, is Dr. Pierre Dubois. As you know, a man called Frenchy was killed two months ago in this town. His full name was Francois Dubois, the brother of my companion. Francois Dubois, at the time of his death, was

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a citizen of France. The French Government has requested Washington to investigate the matter and then send a full report to Paris."

Joe Farber wet his lips as though to stoll for time before replying. By every crooked means at his disposal he had built up his empire, and now it was being threatened. He was conscious of his increased heartbeat.

"If I can be of any help to you in this matter," he began, "I want both of you to call upon me. The incident was a most unfortunate one to happen in our fair town. Mr. Dubois, or 'frenchy' as we called him, was drinking heavily. A fight started, he pulled his gun and threatened to kill my friend, who had to shoot him in self defense. You can check on that story. The Widow Cooper, the editor of our local newspaper, and Doc Perkins will tell you the same story."

Dr. Pierre Dubois eyed Joe Farber carefully. "For ten years I taught philosophy in one of the leading universities of France before I come to this country. And there is one fact that I have constantly taught to my students. No man can create a perfect lie. Far by its very nature only Truth can be perfect. A lie must be imperfect. And the man who tries to build a story on a series of imperfections will be destroyed by his own creation. Have I made myself clear?"

Charlie Russell turned to his boss. "I don't know what this lobo is talking about. Guess he has a hole in his head. Maybe he was scolded by a Sioux. Got to see a man about buying a brown stallion. Goin' to leave now."

"You better listen to what Dr. Dubois has to say," suggested Mr. Peterson. "Because it concerns you." "Concerns me?" echoed Charlie Russell. "To be exact," corrected the Frenchman, "I would say it concerns both of you. That is, one lie for the two of you."

"What kind of silly talk is this?" snapped Joe Farber. "I thought I could be of help to both of you. But I haven't any time for this kind of nonsense. There are more important affairs that require my attention. Good day, gentlemen."

Dr. Dubois made no move to leave the room, and Mr. Peterson shifted his position so that he was between Charlie Russell and the door. Dr. Dubois gazed directly at Joe Farber as he began to speak.

"My brother came to this country to look for gold. He found it and wrote to my mother back in France. You must have killed him for his mining claim and forged his name to the papers. You see, my brother couldn't have been drunk. He happens to have had a physiological condition to which drink would have resulted in death. It was an impossibility for him to drink. That is why your story is a lie. No doubt you thought it was clever. But remember, a lie,

is always imperfect."

Both of Joe Farber's hands were on his desk. He saw his empire teetering. A man like him could only see one way out of his difficulty. He looked at Charlie Russell and slowly nodded his head. His right-hand man understood the nod, and in a flash his six-shooter was out of the holster.

"You first," he sneered at the Frenchman. "Never shot one of these professors before, but there must always be a first time. Sure, I killed Frenchy, just like I killed the others. Wouldn't sign his name to a quit claim for his land. But it won't do you any good to know this where you're going."

There was no sign of fear on Dr. Dubois' face. His low voice was firm. "Start pulling the trigger of your gun — and see if you can kill me."

There was an explosion, then another, then a third, and fourth. Four bullets fired point-blank at the chest of the Frenchman. Yet he was standing and smiling. Joe Farber's face betrayed his amazement. "I'm still alive in case that is what is bathering you," calmly said Dr. Dubois.

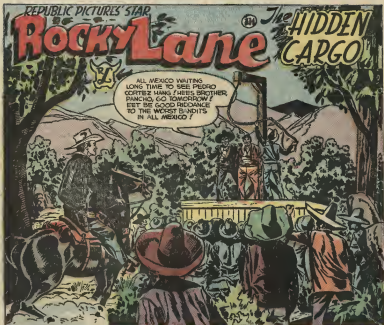
The gun dropped from Russell's hand to the floor. Joe Farber made no attempt to go for the six-shooter he kept in his desk. Mr. Peterson had his gun ready, but found no need for it. The arrest was an easy one.

The guard in the territorial penitentiary turned the key of the cell. "Rules say you have five minutes to speak to the condemned man. He will be hung tomorrow." Dr. Dubois looked pitifully at the man that once had been Joe Farber. On the cot there sat a broken-down shell of a human being. "Thanks for coming," Joe said. "They hung Charlie last week, and I'm next. There is one thing that's been driving me mad. Why didn't you die when Charlie shot you?"

"You have your choice of three reasons, and you can take the one you like best," replied Dubois. "First, you created an empire of lies and it had to smother. I was only the instrument upon which it crumbled. Or secondly, you can say it was something of a miracle. Finally, you couldn't kill me with a gun aimed at my chest. Two months previously I had been seriously injured when the horse I was riding stumbled. I fell to the ground, with the horse upon me. Six of my ribs were broken. My entire body was encased in a plaster-of-paris cast, underneath which there were light steel plates."

Joe Farber looked at Dr. Dubois for a few minutes in silence. Then he slowly mumbled. "Well, I guess any of the three reasons will do. Seems like I can only think clear and straight when it's too late, anyway, thanks for comin' to see me."

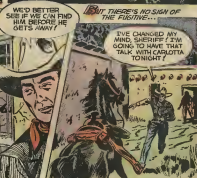
The End



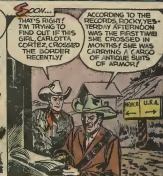
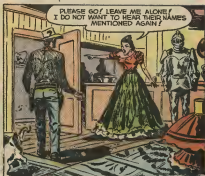
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ALL RIGHT, PEDRO... YOU TOO, PANCHO! THAT MARSHAL SWINE EE'S GONE! I FIGURED EEF WE CAME BACK THESE SUITS OF ARMOR WOULD THROW HEEM OFF THE TRAIL.



NOBODY EVER HAD A PRETTIER OR SMARTER SISTER THAN WE DO!

OR BRAVER! WHO ELSE WOULD HAVE DARED TO DISGUISE HERSELF AS A MASKED RIDER AND HELP US ESCAPE!



THERE EES NO TIME FOR COMPLIMENTS! MURRY! THEENS ARE WORKING OUT JUST AS I PLANNED!

NOW CLIMB QUICKLY INTO THESE SUITS OF ARMOR. I USED THEM TO GET YOU OUT OF MEXICO AND THEY WEE! DO TO GET YOU OUT OF THE STATES! EVEN EEF WE RUN BENTO LANE HE WEE! NOT LOOK FOR YOU INSIDE! SINCE HE DEED ONCE... AND FOUND NOTHING!



BUT... I KNEW I WAS ON THE RIGHT TRACK! GOOD THING I DOUBLED BACK AS SOON AS I GOT OUT OF SIGHT OR I MIGHT HAVE MISSED THIS TOUCHING SCENE!



WE WEE! GO STRAIGHT TO THE BOAT! AND ONCE WE ARE ON EET, WE WEE! NOT STOP UNTEEL WE ARE THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY!

I HATE TO DISILLUSION YOU, CARLOTTA, BUT...

ROCKY LANE! (GULP)



THE ONLY TRIP THESE TWO ARE MAKING IS...



...TO THE GROUND!



OOOF!

WHAM!

AS SOON AS HE HITS THE GROUND I WEE! KEEK HEES HEAD BEEN!

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**YOU
CAN
ALSO
FOLLOW
THE
ADVENTURES
OF
ROCKY
LANE
IN HIS OWN
MAGAZINE,
ROCKY
LANE
WESTERN,
EVERY
MONTH!
ONLY 10¢
AT YOUR
LOCAL
NEWSSTAND!**

Tex Ritter "MIDNIGHT MADNESS"

ANCE
DON

HOW IN
DUKATION CAN WE
SLEEP WITH ALL THAT
YOWLIN' GOIN' ON OUT
IN THE HILLS!

SOUNDS AS IF
SOMEONE'S SEARCHING
THE WOODS WITH
BLOODHOUNDS!

WOOF!
GROWL!
WOOF WOOF!

AT THIS TIME
OF NIGHT, TEX! HE
MUST'VE LOST SOME-
THING MIGHTY
IMPORTANT!



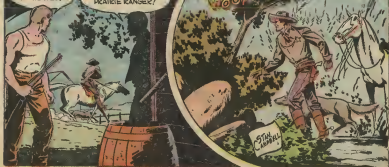
GOOD LUCK,
TEX! SURE HOPE
IT AIN'T A PACK
OF WOLVES!

THEY COULDN'T BE
ANY WORSE THAN SOME
OF THE HUMAN WOLVES
TEX HAS TANGLED WITH
SINCE HE BECAME A
PRAIRIE RANGER!

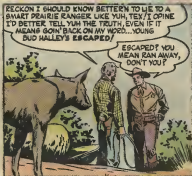
SHORTLY
AFTER...

WAIT HERE, WHITE
FLASH! SOUNDS TO ME
LIKE THOSE HOWLS ARE
COMING FROM THE OTHER
SIDE OF THIS
BRUSH!

GROWL!
GROWL!
WOOF!



SIX-GUN HEROES



SIX-GUN HEROES

IT'S A TERRIBLE THING, TEX, BUT IT'S TRUE! THE LAD'S BEEN CRAZY FOR THE PAST FIVE YEARS! HIS FOLKS BUILT A SPECIAL ROOM IN THE ATTIC ...FER WHEN HED GET ONE OF HIS VIOLENT MOODS, A ROOM WITH BARS ON THE DOOR AND WINDOWS!



HIS FOLKS WERE SO ASHAMED OF IT THAT JUST BEFORE THEY DIED THEY MADE ME PROMISE TO LOOK AFTER HIM... AND NEVER TO BREATHE A WORD OF IT TO NOBODY!



IF THIS ROOM HAD BARS HOW COULD HE ESCAPE?

I HATE TO ADMIT IT, TEX, BUT I GOT CARELESS, AND LEFT THE DOOR OPEN!



I WOULDN'T EXACTLY CALL THAT MUCH OF AN INDUCEMENT FOR HIM TO COME HOME! IF HE'S REALLY OFF HIS HEAD, HE CAN'T HELP WHAT HE DOES! THERE'S NO REASON TO BEAT HIM!

OH, BUT I NEVER DO BEAT HIM...

THEN THAT WAS A MIGHTY ROUGH PIECE OF BRUSH THAT HIT ME IN THE FACE A MOMENT AGO! GIVE MY DOG, FURY, A WHIFF OF WHAT EVER YOU'RE USING TO PUT YOUR HOUNDS ON THE TRAIL!



ER, I CAN FIND HIM, TEX... NO SENSE IN YUM GOIN' TO ANY BOTHER!



NO BOTHER! BESIDES, THE QUICKER WE FIND HIM AND QUIET THE HOUNDS, THE QUICKER THE TOWN CAN GET TO SLEEP! LET'S GO!

OKAY, TEX... BUT I HATE YA... HE MAKES UP FANTASTIC YARNS! DON'T BELIEVE WHAT HE TELLS YUM! AND HE CAN BE REAL DANGEROUS WHEN HE'S VIOLENT!



THANKS FOR THE WARNING! I'LL BE CAREFUL, DORNIEGAN!

AS THE DOGS PICK UP THE SCENT... DANGELAST IT! THIS IS THE FOURTH TUNE TONIGHT THESE CRAZY DOGS HAVE FOLLOWED HIM TO THE EDGE OF THIS CREEK, AND THEN LOST HIM! HE MUST HAVE CROSSED IT!



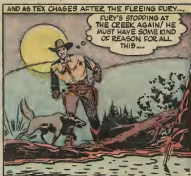
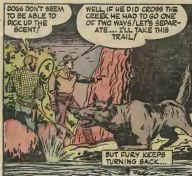
THEN WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

I SURE HATE TO BE PUTTIN' YUM TO ALL THIS TROUBLE, TEX... AIN'T NO JOB WORTH THE TIME OF A PRAIRIE RANGEE!



I CAN'T THINK OF A MORE IMPORTANT JOB THAN FINDING A MISSING BOY!

SIX-GUN HEROES



SIX-GUN HEROES

PLEASE! DON'T
TURN ME BACK
TO DONNEGAN!
HELL BEAT ME
AGAIN!

TAKE IT EASY,
BUD! YOU HAVE
MY WORD NO
ONE'S GOING
TO HARM
YOU!

YOU CALLED
ME 'BUD'...
HOW DID YOU
KNOW MY
NAME?

I WAS A FRIEND OF
YOUR FOLKS, BUD,
AND NO MATTER
HOW SICK YOU ARE,
PROPER MEDICAL
CARE CAN HELP
YOU!

SICK? I
SUPPOSE
DONNEGAN
TOLD YOU
I'M CRAZY!
WELL, IT'S
ALL A
LIE!

I WANT TO HELP YOU,
BUT MAKING UP A STORY
WOULD DO YOU ANY
GOOD, BUD! WHAT
REASON WOULD HE
HAVE FOR SAYING
YOU'RE SICK IF IT
WEREN'T SO! HE'D
HAVE NOTHING TO
GAIN!

OH, NO? HE'S GOT HIS
NECK TO GAVE! YOU HEARD
ABOUT THAT TERRIBLE
ACCIDENT MA AND PA
HAD?

YES, BUD... IT WAS A
TERRIBLE THING HOW
THEIR WAGON ACCIDENT-
ALLY FELL OFF THE
CLIFF!

IT WAS NO ACCIDENT! I WAS PLAYING IN
THE FIELDS WHEN DONNEGAN CAME UP
TO MY DAD, WHO WAS ABOUT TO HITCH THE
HORSES TO THE WAGON!

I'LL DO
THAT, MR.
HALLEY!

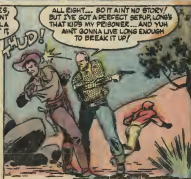
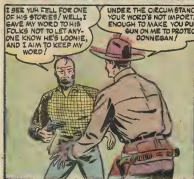
OKAY, DONNEGAN! BUT
THAT WON'T MAKE ME CHANGE
MY MIND! I CAUGHT YUH
STEALIN' FROM MY SAFE,
AND I EXPECT YUH TO PACK
AND BE OFF MY SPREAD
RIGHT AFTER
DINNER!

YUH SHOULD HAVE GIVEN ME
ANOTHER CHANCE WHEN YOU HAD
THE CHANCE! NOW IT'S TOO LATE!

DADDY!
MOMMY!
HELP!
HELP!

I DIDN'T NOTICE YUH
AROUND, YUH BRAT! NOW
I'LL HAVE TO FIX YUH UP,
TOO...

SIX-GUN HEROES



SIX-GUN HEROES



THE FAITHFUL FURY IS TORN BETWEEN RUSHING TO THE AID OF HIS MASTER OR GOING TO THE DEFENSE OF THE FLEEING BOY...



...BUT, LIKE ALL RANGER DOGS, FURY HAS BEEN TAUGHT THAT THE SAFETY OF OTHERS COMES FIRST, EVEN BEFORE THEIR OWN MASTER'S...



WITHOUT HESITATION, FURY ATTACKS THE TWO HOUNDS...

IF ONLY THERE WERE SOMETHING I COULD DO TO HELP... BUT IF I MOVE, THEY'LL TEAR ME TO PIECES!



AFTER A WILD BATTLE... BUT I'M AFRAID IT WAS ALL FOR NOTHING... WITH TEX DEAD, DONNEGAN WILL SURELY CATCH ME AND TAKE ME BACK...



GOOD THING I THOUGHT OF IT... IF MY DOGS YOWLING WOKE THE TOWN, THEY'D SURELY HEAR THE SHOT! RECKON I'VE GOT TO ARRANGE ANOTHER ACCIDENT!

SIX-GUN HEROES



DEE DICKENS

THE
FOUND
AND
LOST
TREASURE

DAMNBLAST IT! GUS FLEER CHEATED ME!
HE SAID THIS HYAR PIECE OF PROPERTY
WAS GOOD FARMING SOIL AND SOLD IT
TO ME FER A HUNDRED DOLLARS! IT'S
NOTHING BUT A WORTHLESS
PIECE OF SWAMPLAND!



I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO
BUY ANYTHING FROM FLEER WITHOUT LOOKING
AT IT FIRST! IT SERVES ME RIGHT FER BEING
SUCH A TRUSTING FOOL!



THAR'S NO USE ASKING THAT NO-GOOD
MAVERICK FER MY MONEY BACK! HE'D JUST
LAUGH IN MY FACE!



WELL, I MAY AS WELL GO BACK TO TOWN!
ANYTIME I FEEL LIKE TAKING A MUD BATH,
I'LL COME OUT HYAR!



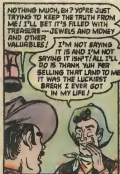
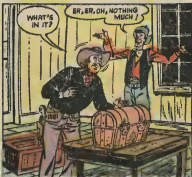
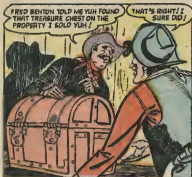
I SURE HATE TO LET FLEER GET AWAY WITH THIS,
BUT THAR'S NOTHING---WAIT! I HAVE AN IDEA!
I HAVE THAT OLD TREASURE CHEST AT HOME!
IT'S JUST WHAT I NEED!



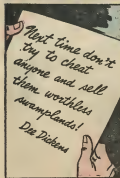
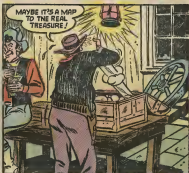
SIX-GUN HEROES



SIX-GUN HEROES



SIX-GUN HEROES



I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME FOR GOOD PAY JOBS IN RADIO-TELEVISION

J. E. SMITH has trained more men for Radio-Television than any other man.

America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You

I TRAINED THESE MEN



LOST JOB NOW HAS OWN SHOP
"Not last of my machine shop job which I believe was best thing ever happened as I opened a full time Radio Shop Business in making up every week."—J. E. Smith, Denton, Tex.



GOOD JOB WITH STATION
"I am broadcast engineer at WFLA, American Broadcasting and I have opened a Radio TV repair shop in my spare time. Day TV sales here. Each week that we can handle."—J. E. Smith, Dallas, Tex.



USE TO HIS WIFE SPARE TIME
"Four months after working for NRI course, was able to secure Radio repair job to \$15 a week spare time. Now have full time Radio and Television business."—William Wards, Brooklyn, New York.

AVAILABLE TO VETERANS UNDER G.I. BILLS

WANT YOUR OWN BUSINESS?

Let me show you how you can be your own boss. Many NRI trained men start their own business with capital raised in spare time. Eugene, Oak Brook, Ill. Frank, Minn., whose store is thriving in daylight. "All new and in with two Television sets and the necessary work for dealers. Offer full back to NRI training for information."

For more information, write to:



Television Is Today's Good Job Maker

TV set makes them most-to-most. Quality for a good job as a service technician or operator. My course includes every lesson on TV. You get practical experience. Work on circuits common to both Radio and Television with my kit. Now is the time to get ready for success in Television!

1. EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

Many students make \$5, \$30 a week and more EXTRA fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning. The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS that show you how. Tester you build with kits I send helps you make extra money servicing sets, gives practical experience on circuits common to Radio and Television. All equipment is yours to keep.

2. GOOD PAY JOB

NRI Courses lead to these and many other jobs: Radio and TV service, P.A., Auto Radio, Lab, Factory, and Electronic Controls Technicians, Radio and TV Broadcasting, Police, Ship and Airways Operators and Technicians. Opportunities are increasing. The United States has over 105 million Radios—over 2,900 Broadcasting Stations—more expansion is on the way.

3. BRIGHT FUTURE

Think of the opportunities in Television. Over 15,000,000 TV sets are now in use; 108 TV stations are operating and 1800 new TV stations have been authorized. . . many of them expected to be in operation in 1953. This means more jobs—good pay jobs with bright futures. More operators, installation service technicians will be needed. Now is the time to get ready for a successful future in TV! Find out what Radio and TV offer you.

You Learn Servicing or Communications by Practicing With Kits I Send

Keep your job while training at home. Remember I've trained an successful RADIO-TELEVISION Technicians. Most had no previous experience, many no more than grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from Unmatched lessons. You also get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. Practiced at left, are just a few of the pieces of equipment you build with kits of parts I send. You experiment with, learn circuits common to Radio and Television.

Mail Coupon—Find out what RADIO-TELEVISION Can Be for You

Get Now! Send for my FREE DOUBLE OFFER. Coupon enables you to obtain Servicing Letters, shows how you learn at home. You also receive my 46-page book "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." Send money in envelope or place on postal. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 9448, National Radio Institute, Washington 25, D. C. Our 30th Year.

Good for Both—FREE

Mr. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 9448, National Radio Institute, Washington 25, D. C.
Mail me Sample Letters and 46-page Book FREE. (No money will cost. Please write plainly.)

Name _____
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VETS write in circle of discharge

2 FREE BOOKS SHOW HOW MAIL COUPON



The ABC's of SERVICING



Be a Success in RADIO-TELEVISION

GET PRIZES...MAKE MONEY

I like to give you your choice of a wide variety of prizes, or, on request, I will send you 100 FREE PRIZES, or, on request, I will send you 100 FREE PRIZES, or, on request, I will send you 100 FREE PRIZES.



NEW, GOLDEN TRUMPET, GIVEN FOR SELLING ONE ORDER.

"Under" Henry Ford, the man who has been building boys and girls even prizes and even cash for 25 years.



JEAN, SEE THIS AD OF THE AMERICAN SEED CO. IT'S AN EASY WAY TO GET THAT CAMERA I WANT!

LET'S SEND THE COUPON TODAY. I KNOW LOTS OF PEOPLE WHO SEND SEEDS

YES, BOBBY WE NEED GARDEN SEEDS. ILL BUY SIX PACKS

IT WAS FUN AND EASY TO SEND OUR SEEDS AND WEEDS THE MAILMAN WITH OUR PRIZES

THIS IS A NEAT CAMERA WHY DON'T YOU BELLGOWS SEND THE COUPON TO-DAY- YOU CAN CHOOSE FROM 70 SWEET PRIZES!

BE FIRST IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

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Please contact on postcard or mail to envelope for your order of American Seeds. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize. Or, simply \$1.00 to cash for each 48-pack order you sell. **SEND NO MONEY, I TRUST YOU!**



Refined and Celebrated Seed
The American Seed Co. has a 48-pack of 48 seeds. Has a 48-pack of 48 seeds. Has a 48-pack of 48 seeds.

TRICK TRACY CAMERA
Camera, has guaranteed right and left hand use. Carry in case. Sell for \$1.00.

BOYS' GIRLS' WEED WATCHES
Gold-colored, Gold-colored, Gold-colored. Sell for \$1.00.

JET PLANE
Attach wings, light, line, gear. Fly. Sell for \$1.00.

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I'll Give You a Watch, Air Rifle, Uke, Camera or Any of My 70 BIG PRIZES

Just for Selling American Seeds to your Family, Friends and Neighbors

EXTRA \$1,500 IN GRAND PRIZE AWARDS
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\$1,500
\$1,500
\$1,500
\$1,500

GRAND PRIZE AWARDS
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GRAND PRIZE AWARDS
Buy a Special Bicycle
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\$1,500
\$1,500
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MAIL THIS COUPON...SELL AMERICAN SEEDS AND EARN PRIZES LIKE THESE
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